

BANNER



PROGRESS.

VOL. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1868.

NO. 22.

LITERARY.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER, ON HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY BENJAMIN TODD.

Dear mother, thou art growing old;
Thy wrinkled brow, once bright and fair,
O'erhung with braids of dark brown hair,
Is deeply seamed with lines of care,
And all thy days are nearly told.

Dear mother, should I love thee less
Than when my heart was light and free,
A babe, I sat upon thy knee,
And knew no other love but thee,
And daily felt thy soft caress?

Thou must remember well the hour
My heart was very gay and strong,
And how beamed high the whole day long;
For I'd ne'er turned my steps to wrong,
Or felt the wayward Siren's power.

And when, to leave parental shore
I quickly raised the flowing sail,
And gave it to the passing gale,
With motto, "I will never fail,"
Bright sunshine shone the sea all o'er.

But, mother, ere I was aware,
The adverse winds began to blow,
The sky with clouds hung dark and low,
My heart first knew the pangs of woe,
And weary grew my brain with care.

O, mother, I shall ne'er forget
That when temptation ere assailed,
And sorrow in my heart prevailed,
And well-nigh had my courage failed,
You gave me strength to battle yet.

And, mother, when you reach that shore,
Your form shall sink to peaceful rest,
So sweetly in the warm earth's breast,
Thy spirit from among the best
Shall come and watch my pathway o'er.

THE SONG OF THE PHARISEE.

I'm a highly respectable man,
And I've built a magnificent store
Where I make all the profits I can;
And say, can a Christian do more?
I condemn all the idle in trade,
Even though in my very best friend;
And should his prosperity fade,
That day our acquaintance must end.

For I'm firmly convinced of the fact,
If a stockholder follows my plan,
From his first to his very last act
He will die a respectable man.
He must never permit any weakness
In his daily transactions to creep;
To the rich he must bow in all meekness,
To the poor he a wolf among sheep.

He must bargain them down to a cent,
For the sake of their health work them thin.
All gain for the trader is meant;
The poor would spend it in sin.
Ah! Gold is a dangerous snare
To the poor, and a deadly foe to his time;
In taking his wife for fresh air
And extravagance soon leads to crime.

This charity is but a vice;
I can say, though it be my last breath,
My tradesmen never ask twice.
A wonderful solace in death.
I am known from Maine to Cape Cod,
As the wealthiest merchant in town,
For the rich I've an affable nod,
For the bankrupt a dignified frown.

I have never been known to bestow
A cent on the idle and poor.
They richly deserve all their woe—
No beggar is seen at my door.
For if a man squanders his gold,
On the wretched, he'll soon come to sorrow.
On my coffin this truth shall be told:
I was ne'er known to lend or to borrow.

And as for the nonsense we hear
Of helping the poor, 'tis all trash;
Our Saviour, I very much fear,
Wasn't sound in his notions of cash.
I am also a man of nice taste;
My books are all splendidly bound;
My walls with the paintings are graced,
No handsomer frames can be found.

To the Opera my daughters and wife
All subscribe, and to concerts as well;
'Tis a part of respectable life—
One per cent. on the goods that I sell.
In the Church I've the very best pew,
It is cushioned with velvet all round;
To my bounty the organ is due,
It has a respectable sound.

I pray when I'm troubled with gout,
For a man, when he's sick, sometime dies;
And when I've been very devout,
I notice that calicoes rise.
My daughters have married rich men;
My son has a millionaire wife;
And they can't fail of happiness when
They all are quite wealthy for life.

My son is an excellent youth—
His creed is that twice two are four;
The end and beginning of truth
Is to constantly add to your store.
I own houses, and money, and lands,
My clerks cringe and bow at my nod;
And I question if Vanderbilt stands
A much better chance with his God.

PEW TALK AND CHURCH SOANDAL.

That tall young fellow here to-day!
I wonder what's his name!
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—
Do look at Sally Dams!

Who is that lady dressed in green?
It can't be Mrs. Leach.
There's Mrs. Jones with Deacon Giles;
I wonder if he'll preach!

Lend me your fan—it is so warm!
We both will sit at prayers!
Mourning becomes the widow Ames—
How Mary's bonnet flares!

Do look at Nancy Sloper's veil!
It's full a breadth too wide;
I wish it would fall down her ears—
Appears to-day as bride.

Lord! what a voice Jane Rice has got!
O, how that organ roars!
I'm glad we've left the singing seats—
How loud Miss Johnson snores!

What ugly shawls are those in front?
Did you observe, Ann Wild?
Her new straw bonnet's trimmed with black,
I guess she's lost a child!

I'm half asleep—that Mr. Jones!
His sermons are too long;
This afternoon, we'll stay at home
And practice that new song.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAGIC.

THE "BLACK ART."—(CONTINUED.)

The occult power of mind over mind, incidentally or intentionally, constitutes the greater part of ancient magical mystery. One striking illustration of this principle took place at a cotton factory, at Holden Bridge, in Lancashire, England, on the 15th of February 1787. A girl put a mouse into the bosom of another girl, whereupon she was seized with fits, which lasted a whole day. Other girls were likewise seized with similar fits; and the curious disease spread from factory to factory. A dancing mania prevailed over Europe in the fourteenth century. The crusades were another form, which threw the whole of Europe into the wildest frenzy—the only instance in history in which the energies of Europe were united for the accomplishment of one idea. Another is the case of the mewing-like-cats mania, which seized all the nuns of Europe. Four hundred years before the Christian era, Carthage was a prey to one of those endemics, which the ancients denominated plagues; agitated by a frantic transport, the effect of this disease, the greater part of the inhabitants flew to arms to repulse an imaginary enemy, who, they believed, had penetrated into the city. (*Quarterly Review*, Vol. xxvii, p. 53.) In 1855, a religious excitement prevailed among the Mohammedans in certain parts of Arabia; this was followed, in 1856, by another in the valleys of Utah, among the Mormons; which was succeeded, in 1857-58, by the great religious revival which extended over the Eastern States, and the British Isles. Spiritualism can hardly free itself from the charge of being a mental epidemic; hundreds, from the mere force of imitation and imagination, perform all the actions of mediums while "under influence." The atmosphere itself in such instances seems to be charged with the influences which control the maniac, causing simultaneous action by all the affected. These aerial influences sometimes seem to take a higher ground, as may be observed in simultaneous discoveries and inventions, the discoverers and inventors being disconnected by wide distances; ideas in religion and philosophy often startle the world at or near the same time from different sources, as in the case of A. J. Davis, who gave as a revelation the development theory of Laplace, which had also a short time previously agitated the thinking classes by the publication of the "Vestiges of Creation."

Briere de Boismont, in his elaborate work on Hallucinations, gives all particulars of an instance in which a whole battalion of soldiers, eight hundred strong, were affected with the same hallucination. It was that of the devil, in the form of a huge dog with black hair, who rushed upon them while sleeping, and flew over their breasts. Twice the soldiers were affected by the spectral illusion, and fled from their sleeping-places, uttering the most alarming cries of terror. And it is hardly necessary to say, that if several persons be placed under precisely similar conditions as the one person who has a hallucination in consequence of being placed in those conditions, they will have the hallucination. That the art of inducing them in multitudes has been practiced from time immemorial, might indeed be established by the most conclusive evidence, if that were necessary. (*North British Review*, 1861, Art. Modern Necromancy. See also R. D. Owen's "Footfalls," Art. Hallucination.)

Undoubtedly, the whole secret of witchcraft and sorcery consisted in the plastic condition of the minds affected by those operating upon them. Faith was considered essential both in those bewitched and in the witch. Here it is worthy of notice, that no better antidote to the spells of witchcraft can be found than unbelief. No skeptic was ever bewitched. The next best antidote by which spells can be dispelled is faith—faith in the means employed to counteract the mental illusion or spell. The following, from Raphael's Almanac for 1865, are good examples of the power of faith:

"Hearne, the traveler in North America, relates somewhere that, being solicited by an Indian to give him a charm against some enemy, and convinced of the harmless folly of such sorceries, he complied, and drew on a sheet of paper some circles, signs, and words. The Indian who received this took care that the doomed man should know it; he immediately sickened, and before long died. Hearne resolved to make no more magic papers. . . . A woman who had had eyes obtained an amulet to cure them. Hopeful of its efficacy, she refrained from shedding tears, and her eyes recovered. But some zealous enemy of sorceries attacked her upon the wickedness of getting well in this way; and prevailed on her to give him the amulet to examine. When unfolded, the paper showed nothing but these words: 'Der Teufel cratze dir die augen aus, und. . . dir in die locher.' . . . As soon as the woman saw how she had been amended, she lost faith, took to tears again, and her eyes became as bad as ever."

The cures performed by "the laying on of hands" depend considerably more on the faith of the patient than on the virtues of the operator. The following recipe, given by a professional sorcerer, plainly reveals that the base of the anti-spell is faith:

"Those who are bewitched cannot be cured any better than by hurting again the same place affected, (of those who caused the affliction,) by making—through faith and imagination—an image of the member hurt, or else a whole effigy of the person, of virgin wax, which he shall either

anoint or bind up with plaster where the tumors, or in danger of being seized by witchcraft, or if he rendered impotent, or an eye, his hearing, or be members, then let an image of the same be made of pure wax which hath never been used, with a firm faith; upon which image let the intent of your imagination be firmly fixed, and afterward let the whole image be consumed with fire in due order, making no wonder that people bewitched are so easily cured."

In order to be a "medium" for the outward manifestation of the influences of spirits, it is necessary that the person be of a sensitive temperament, and passive character. The misfortune is, that, while this may enable the "departed" to operate the more easily, it also renders the æolian-like mind of the subject susceptible to every passing influence, good or evil. Often, indeed, when sound principles of moral action are not established in their minds, lacking this support, they fall easy victims to the plausible sophistries of such doctrines as "free-love," "affinities," "whatever is, is right," etc., and from victims they easily graduate as victimizers. Such minds are easily carried away by such manias as witchcraft, religious revivals, spiritual phantasies, etc. Sometimes they are prophets, and visions of future woe in the shape of earthquakes, plagues, shipwrecks, etc., alarm themselves and those who credit them. San Francisco has more than her share of just such hypochondriac manias at present, which all sound-minded Spiritualists would be glad to see converted to a better use. It is upon this sort that charms operate with such wonderful effect; they are subject to every influence but that of a well balanced brain of their own, the lack of which makes them the sport of every passing breeze. J. W. MACKIE.

SUNDAY MORNING.

'Twas April morning, the very sound of which carries to the mind the feeling of repose, and Sunday, too. The sun had risen; the mists had left the earth; all Nature seemed to leap and meet the golden morn. The little birds from every tree sent up their loud hosannas; the insects hum filled the air; all Nature leaped for joy. The breezes, filled with Nature's incense, fanned the fevered brow, and wrapped the contemplative mind in repose. God's voice was heard in bird, and flower, and air.

'Twas one of those delightful morns when Nature's song is music to the soul. Sitting in my easy-chair, driving away the thoughts of busy life, and thinking of the spheres, sufficiently composed to ask, And do the spirits think of us? and have they homes more fair? my soul did with the angels hold communion, almost oblivious of the surrounding world; when, lo! a sound breaks in upon my mind, more hideous than the yell of fiends, dispels the charm, and brings me back to life.

'Twas Sunday! and that discordant and inharmonious sound is the bell. O, how the sensitive soul falls back upon itself, and shrinks from such a call! But 'tis the voice of God, we are told. Fit emblem of the Christians' God, and relic of the barbarous past, confusion more confused! thou hast no charm to fill the soul with thoughts of love and God. The very sound is obnoxious to the ear, and fills the air with horrible confusion. The gentle music of the birds is lost within the hideous sound, or has fled to more congenial climes. The music of the spheres is hushed, and cannot with it chime.

Great God! and can no better sign of Thy blest reign our souls incline to worship Thee aright? This cannot be by Thee desired, since all Thy works and acts conspire against this dire delusion. Eternal harmony doth reign throughout all Nature's vast domain. In God there's no confusion.

FAIR PLAY.

Letter from Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11th, 1868.

DEAR BANNER:—At last the bright spring mornings are with us, after a prolonged winter of cold, snow, and rains, unprecedented in the memory of that relic of the past, the oldest inhabitant. But the seasons come and go; the cycles of time produce their effects, leaving their impress on the past, and handing down to us a portion of its history. If we do not, however, read between the lines much that is unwritten, we have but a faint idea of the importance of the past, or of the *novus* as it rolls by.

My room is immediately opposite the old Arch street Quaker meeting-house, in which I was wont to listen in the past to the influence of the moving spirit amongst the men and women in the upper seats of glory; and just alongside of this meeting-house stand trees, one of which is full-leaved, beautifully green, from the resurrection of the body of my sainted mother, which has fed the roots at its base for fifty years. The freshness of these leaves tells me of her harmony, beauty, and love. Her ever-present spirit has made many green spots for me in the onset of life's journey, and now speaks in promise of beauty of that refreshing greenness that is to bless the world, as men and women become thinkers for themselves. Among many here, I find no thought or inquiry; they are astonished at the idea that the

rainbow could have existed before the deluge covenant, and some minds are surprised, although of it before thought that parents were under immense obligations to their little ones, instead of the children owing so much as was supposed to their parents. The very atmosphere here is sectarian. Scarcely a house in miles of streets speaks anything but the plain monotony induced by the influence of Penn, the founder of the city; and one is forced to look up sometimes, to see if the heavens are not drab also.

But to our friends. The great feature of Spiritualism here is the Children's Lyceum, under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dyott. Like Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, in the earlier labors of our own Lyceum, they are the leaders, and are sustained by a noble band of workers among the teachers, who second their efforts. Their numbers reach hundreds of smiling faces; and a spirit of quiet and interest prevails, that is charming to be in the presence of. They are about to take Concert Hall, near the center of the city; that will give them power over a broader field than they now possess.

Thomas Gales Forster spoke here last Sunday. For depth of thought, and philosophical and metaphysical reasoning and deduction, I never heard his equal. He would suit California minds; but pecuniary embarrassment keeps him at his post in one of the departments at Washington, except when he can slip away by permission for a half day, to make a night's travel to lecture the next Sunday evening.

Mrs. Wilhelm spoke yesterday, and is a fine speaker. She told the grand truths of our philosophy with clearness, and in a style of beautiful simplicity, that made her glow with spiritual radiance, whilst the spirits responded near where I sat, by raps of sanction of what she uttered.

I find some very excellent mediums here, and they are busy, too; and their labors give consolation to the afflicted and heart-broken. They open the blind eyes of prejudice, and instruct in the grand philosophy of Spiritualism.

I am at a loss to express to you the quiet satisfaction of meeting such minds. Those who feel that nothing is being done—that our blessings and glories are departing—are like those that shut their own eyes, and deafen their own ears, supposing that all others are blind and deaf like themselves. New mediums are being developed, and amongst them are many children; and some marked if not new phases are being exhibited continually. If our friends do not rally around and sustain their own cause, the great lessons of truth that we are teaching will be half lost, by being mixed up with the errors of the old records of the past, and become as a faint rutilant, instead of shining like a star of the first magnitude.

I have been down to Washington twice; and, as politeness was attended to by the politicians, I devoted my time to my business with the Post Office, where I found willing as well as cautious examiners, ready to aid and benefit the invention. If there is any fault here, it is on the side of the new applicant.

I met that noble soul, Walt Whitman. He has written another edition of "Leaves of Grass," "Drum Taps," and the "Sequel to Drum Taps," all in one volume. In answer to the question, why he had expressed himself on sexual life as he had, he said, "There are two modes of treating this question; the one in the worldly sense, the other in the religious and the Divine. I treated it in the latter sense."

I have had interviews with several noble men in our ranks, who are in positions of trust and emolument here; and, since the Twentieth Anniversary, our cause has been more strongly felt.

I would have been glad to have met with you in your State Convention; and I hope to be present at Rochester, at the national gathering this year. I have sent some music for our meetings, and also for the Lyceum. You, with the angels, speed on the work, and the sad heart shall rejoice, and the joyous heart be made more glad.

J. H. ATKINSON.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—Prof. Agassiz gave his opinion before the Boston Natural History Society concerning the antiquity of man. He dates his origin from the waning of the ice period. The Professor says that man existed before some of the huge mammals had disappeared, and that many, which were considered the dividing line between the geological and historical periods, were contemporaneous with him. The Bosphorimigenus, it is stated, lived in the forests of Lithuania and Poland down to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the presence of Cereus Megacerus in the marshes of Europe as late as the fourteenth century is authentic. Fifty years ago there was but one admitted source of man, that laid down in the Septuagint; and the first advancement of the geologic theory of the creation was as repugnant to the feelings of the theological world as Spiritualism is at the present day. The geologists have done a great work, redeeming the world from error, and the ethnologists have as great an one before them in freeing the origin of man from the obscurity which has so long enshrouded it. The work of such societies as the Natural History Society is of incalculable benefit.

The Government is economizing. The male clerks have had their salaries raised, it is said, 10 and 15 per cent. The half-paid women, some of them doing the same and even more work, are to remain as before, only that on or before the 1st of April, about 40 of them are to be discharged from the Treasury bureau alone. Women have no votes to cast, nor can political harpies levy taxes on them so well to carry on their electioneering projects.—*The Revolution*.

Woman's Pay.

in proper proportion to the moiety or half of ourselves, and elevate her, and in proportion as we degrade her, we degrade ourselves. We are indissolubly connected, and our lots are thrown into the same scale. Instead of woman owing everything to the Bible, she owes it but very little; for the spirit of liberty and free inquiry that has done so much for man, has done everything for her. Woman, however, is still living far short of her natural rights. To discuss the subject any further in this direction, would be foreign to the subject; but as I have in mind an anecdote *appropos* to the occasion, I trust the reader will pardon me for luging it in. It is given by an author who has gained some celebrity for his progressive teachings. An old farmer of his acquaintance, one day during harvest-time, was telling about the great amount of work he was having done. Says he, "I have several good hands at work, but one which does the most work in the harvest-field is a big Dutch girl." "How much are you paying your hired men?" asked the author. "Two dollars a day." "How much are you paying your Dutch girl?" "Hem! hui! well, it is a very pleasant day." "Yes, but how much are you paying your Dutch girl?" "We are needing rain very badly." "That is not the question; how much are you paying that girl—the one who does the most work?" "Well, the truth is, I am paying her forty cents a day!"—*The Pantheist*, by C. Orendorf, M. D.

"When I am Pope."

Mr. Bonner, when I am Pope, I shall propose some new article of faith:

1. Every man shall be married at the age of 25, or show good cause for neglect of duty.
2. Every man shall annually tax himself one-tenth of his income, until the sum reaches the amount of \$100, to procure books, journals, and newspapers.
3. Wedding gifts shall never consist of luxuries—jewels, plate, etc.—but of books, and, with the birth of every child, ten volumes shall be put into the library in his name.
4. It shall be the duty of every young married man to read aloud to his wife, at least one hour a day, for the first ten years after his marriage. But this shall not be construed to the prejudice of the wife's right to read, speak, lecture, etc.
5. All men who lie by their books in a self-indulgent and hidden manner, absorbing knowledge without benefit to their fellows, shall be treated as bees are that hide their nests—smoked out, and their nests broken up!

However, I will not tell you what other laws I shall promulgate, for fear I shall lose power, or fail of becoming Pope.—*Henry Ward Beecher*, in the *New York Ledger*.

Some of our brothers and sisters condemn physical Spiritualism as the *a b c* of Spiritualism, which they have outgrown and do not need! To such, we would say: Do you know the law which attracts and repels atoms of matter; that builds up and disintegrates? Do you know the secret laws of life, of animate and inanimate matter? do you know the law that holds soul and body together? do you understand the law by which a spirit with its spirit passes through marble walls without the least difficulty? do you know the law by which a single blade of grass is unfolded from the germ? You only know a little of the effect of conditions. You know that it will not germinate upon a cake of ice, nor the bare rock. You know that conditions for germination must be favorable, that is all! Study, reflection, thought, during years of ages, will not unfold our faculties to infinite wisdom, but it will be a continuous feast to the soul. The delight of getting knowledge will forever exceed all other pleasures.

The ignorant and devout thought of all spiritual phenomena, and every pulsation of his heart is a prayer, by which he is in constant contact with the divine. Let us not be so vain as to think that we do not follow in his footsteps, and by our supercilious pretenses of possessing superior knowledge, show that we have hardly reached the *a b c* of Spiritualism.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Before the time of Puritanism, they were allowed and encouraged. Sports and recreations on Sunday were expressly permitted and sanctioned in the English Church by Queen Elizabeth, and also by James I. They were regulated by Charles I, and first prohibited by that profligate hypocrite and bigot, Charles II—under whose shadow the bigots and Pharisees of our time seem to act. Their purpose, we suspect, is not so much a religious as a political one. It is to subject the consciences of the people to the power of the clergy, and to cajole the civil power into a co-operation with them. What they cannot effect by law, they are attempting to effect by threats and combinations; and they have made their attack on Sunday horse-cars, libraries, steamboats, and papers—some of the greatest Sunday blessings we possess. We most ardently hope that all such attempts will be defeated, as they have been in the city of Philadelphia, where the Sunday street-cars, which have for some time been stopped, are now running.—*Investigator*.

TRIMMING THEIR SAILS.—The press generally is preparing to take advantage of the rapidly gaining popularity of Spiritualism. The *New York Herald* says we had a *respectable* audience at the Everett Rooms on the evening of March 31st. Quite a contrast with its former descriptions of nearly the same persons. The *Cleveland (Ohio) Herald* publishes the excellent speech of our Bro. D. A. Eddy, delivered on the Twentieth Anniversary of the Rochester Rappings, etc. The *Brooklyn Daily Times* gives a whole column to a speech with C. A. Read, whose physical manifestations are very remarkable, and the wonder of inexperienced skeptics. We have also observed several favorable notices of the various meetings of Spiritualists, by which many persons are awakened to the fact that Spiritualism is so many times killed and reported dead, is even now more alive than all the churches that have combined to kill it.—*Banner of Light*.

REASON AND NATURE VS. ORTHODOXY.—The orthodox Christian would crucify every man who would free his mind from the shackles of dogma, and because of that ugly God. It is a sin to laugh, a sin to be merry and glad as the little birds are; it is a sin to dance, a sin to skate—and it used to be a sin in Ohio to go "a-courting on Sunday." But as Rationalism fights its way up, these objections to our being true to our own nature gradually tone down and vanish. Reason will banish all such one-sided religion in good time. As to the objection that the Puritans set up a young woman as the emblem of liberty and reason, have only to say, that the man who wouldn't worship a bearded woman in preference to that horrible orthodox God, is an unreasonable demand, to whom the Church is heartily welcome!—*Ellis's Reply to Rev. A. B. Maxwell*.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1868.

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LITERARY.

Lines Addressed to My Mother, on Her Eightieth Birthday.

By Benjamin Todd.

Dear mother, thou art growing old;
Thy wrinkled brow, once bright and fair,
O'erhung with braids of dark brown hair,
Is deeply seamed with lines of care,
And all thy days are nearly told.

Dear mother, should I love thee less
Than when my heart was light and free,
A babe, I sat upon thy knee,
And knew no other love but thee,
And daily felt thy soft caress?

Thou must remember well the hour
My heart was very gay and strong,
And hope beamed high the whole day long;
For I'd ne'er turned my steps to wrong,
Or felt the wayward Siren's power.

And when, to leave parental shore
I quickly raised the flowing sail,
And gave it to the passing gale,
With motto, "I will never fail,"
Bright sunshine shone the sea all o'er.

But, mother, one I was aware,
The adverse winds began to blow,
The sky with clouds hung dark and low,
My heart first knew the pangs of woe,
And weary grew my brain with care.

O, mother, I shall ne'er forget
That when temptation force assailed,
And sorrow in my heart prevailed,
And well-nigh had my courage failed,
You gave me strength to battle yet.

And, mother, when you reach that shore,
Your form shall sink to peaceful rest
So sweetly in the warm earth's breast,
Thy spirit from among the blest
Shall come and watch my pathway o'er.

THE SONG OF THE PHARISEE.

I'm a highly respectable man,
And I've built a magnificent store
Where I make all the profits I can;
And say, can a Christian do more?
I condemn all impudence in trade,
Even though in my very best friend;
And should his prosperity fade,
That day our acquaintance must end.

For I'm firmly convinced of the fact,
If a storekeeper follow my plan,
From his first to his very last act
He will die a respectable man.
He must never permit any weakness
In his daily transactions to creep;
To the rich he must bow in all meekness,
To the poor be a wolf among sheep.

He must bargain them down to a cent,
For the sake of their health worth them thin.
All gain for the wealthy is meant;
The poor would spend it in sin.
Ah! Gold is a devil in disguise,
To the poor, who would idle his time
In taking his wife for fresh air,
And extravagance soon leads to crime.

This charity is but a vice;
I can say, though he may last breath,
My tradesmen never ask twice—
A wonderful solace in death.
I am known from Mobile to Cape Cod,
As the wealthiest merchant in town,
For the rich I've done much good,
For the bankrupt a dignified crown.

I have never been known to bestow
A cent on the idle and poor;
They richly deserve all their woe—
No beggar is sent of my door.
For if a man squanders his gold
On the wickedest, he'll soon come to sorrow,
On my coffin this truth can be told—
I was ne'er known to lend or to borrow.

And as for the nonsense we hear
Of helping the poor, 'tis all trash;
Our Savior, I've much to fear,
Wasn't sound in his notions of cash.
I am also a man of nice taste;
My books are all splendidly bound;
My walls with fine paintings are graced;
No handsomer frames can be found.

To the Opera my daughters and wife
All subscribe, alike to concerts as well;
'Tis a part of respectable life—
One per cent. on the goods that I sell.
In the Church I've the very best pew,
It is cushioned with velvet all round;
To my bounty the organ is due,
It has a respectable sound.

I pray when I'm troubled with gout,
For a man, when he's sick, sometimes dies;
And when I've been very devout,
I notice that my knees rise.
My daughters have married rich men!
My son has a millionaire wife;
And they can't fall of happiness when
They all are quite wealthy for life.

My son is an excellent youth—
His creed is that twice two are four;
The end and beginning of truth
Is to constantly add to your store.
I own houses, and money, and lands,
My clerks cringe and bow at my nod;
And I question if Vanderbilts stands
A much better chance with his God.

PEW TALK AND CHURCH SCANDAL.

That tall young fellow here to-day!
I wonder what's his name!
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—
Do look at Sally Dams!
Who is that lady dressed in green?
It can't be Mrs. Leach.
There's Mrs. Jombert's season Giles;
I wonder if he'll preach!

Lend me your fan—it is so warm!
We both will sit at prayers!
Mourning becomes the widow Ames—
How Mary's bonnet shines!
Do look at Nancy Sloper's veil!
It's full a breadth too wide;
I wonder if Susanna Ayers
Appears to-day as bride.

Lord! what a voice Jane Rice has got!
O, how that organ roars!
I'm glad we've left the singing seats—
How hard Miss Johnson snores!
What ugly shawls are those in front?
Did you observe Ann Wild?
Her new straw hat's trimmed with black,
I guess she's lost a child!

I'm half asleep—that Mr. Jones!
His sermons are too long;
This afternoon, we'll stay at home
And practice that new song.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAGIC.

THE "BLACK ART."—(CONTINUED.)

The occult power of mind over mind, incidentally or intentionally, constitutes the greater part of ancient magical mystery. One striking illustration of this principle took place at a cotton factory, at Holden Bridge, in Lancashire, England, on the 15th of February 1787. A girl put a mouse into the bosom of another girl, whereupon she was seized with fits, which lasted a whole day. Other girls were likewise seized with similar fits; and the curious disease spread from factory to factory. A dancing mania prevailed over Europe in the fourteenth century. The crusades were another form, which threw the whole of Europe into the wildest frenzy—the only instance in history in which the energies of Europe were united for the accomplishment of one idea. Another is the case of the mewing-like-cats mania, which seized all the nuns of Europe. Four hundred years before the Christian era, Carthage was a prey to one of those endemics, which the ancients denominated plagues; agitated by a frantic transport, the effect of this disease, the greater part of the inhabitants flew to arms to repulse an imaginary enemy, who, they believed, had penetrated into the city. (Quarterly Review, Vol. xxvii. p. 53.) In 1855, a religious excitement prevailed among the Mohammedans in certain parts of Arabia; this was followed, in 1856, by another in the valleys of Utah, among the Mormons; which was succeeded, in 1857-58, by the great religious revival which extended over the Eastern States, and the British Isles. Spiritualism can hardly free itself from the charge of being a mental epidemic; hundreds, from the mere force of imitation and imagination, perform all the actions of mediums while "under influence." The atmosphere itself in such instances seems to be charged with the influences which control the mania, causing simultaneous action by all the affected. These aerial influences sometimes seem to take a higher ground, as may be observed in simultaneous discoveries and inventions, the discoverers and inventors being disconnected by wide distances; ideas in religion and philosophy often startle the world at or near the same time from different sources, as in the case of A. J. Davis, who gave as a revelation the development theory of Laplace, which had also a short time previously agitated the thinking classes by the publication of the "Vestiges of Creation."

"Briere de Boismont, in his elaborate work on Hallucinations, gives all particulars of an instance in which a whole battalion of soldiers, eight hundred strong, were affected with the same hallucination. It was that of the devil, in the form of a huge dog with black hair, who rushed upon them while sleeping, and flew over their breasts. Twice the soldiers were affected by the spectral illusion, and fled from their sleeping-places, uttering the most alarming cries of terror. And it is hardly necessary to say, that if several persons be placed under precisely similar conditions as the one person who has a hallucination in consequence of being placed in those conditions, they will have the hallucination. That the art of inducing them in multitudes has been practiced from time immemorial, might indeed be established by the most conclusive evidence, if that were necessary."—North British Review, 1861, Art. Modern Necromancy. See also R. D. Owen's "Footfalls," Art. Hallucination.

Undoubtedly, the whole secret of witchcraft and sorcery consisted in the plastic condition of the minds affected by those operating upon them. Faith was considered essential both in those bewitched and in the witch. Here it is worthy of notice, that no better antidote to the spells of witchcraft can be found than unbelief. No skeptic was ever bewitched. The next best antidote by which spells can be dispelled is faith—faith in the means employed to counteract the mental illusion or spell. The following, from Raphael's Almanac for 1865, are good examples of the power of faith:

"Hearne, the traveler in North America, relates somewhere that, being solicited by an Indian to give him a charm against some enemy, and convinced of the harmless folly of such sorceries, he complied, and drew on a sheet of paper some circles, signs, and words. The Indian who received this took care that the doomed man should know it; he immediately sickened, and before long died. Hearne resolved to make no more magic papers. . . . A woman who had had eyes obtained an amulet to cure them. Hopeful of its efficacy, she refrained from shedding tears, and her eyes recovered. But some zealous enemy of sorceries attacked her upon the wickedness of getting well in this way; and prevailed on her to give him the amulet to examine. When unfolded, the paper showed nothing but these words: 'Der Teufel cratze dir die augen aus, und. . . dir in die locher.' . . . As soon as the woman saw how she had been amended, she lost faith, took to tears again, and her eyes became as bad as ever."

The cures performed by "the laying on of hands" depend considerably more on the faith of the patient than on the virtues of the operator. The following recipe, given by a professional sorcerer, plainly reveals that the base of the anti-spell is faith:

"Those who are bewitched cannot be cured any better than by hurting again the same place affected (of those who caused the infliction)—by making—through faith and imagination—an image of the member hurt, or else a whole image of the person, of virgin wax, which he shall either

anoint or bind up with plaster where the tumors, signs, or spots caused by witchcraft be; or if he be in danger of losing an eye, his hearing, or be rendered impotent, or impeded in any of his members, then let an image of the whole body be made of pure wax which has never been used, with a firm faith; upon which image let the intent of your imagination be firmly fixed, and afterward let the whole image be consumed with fire in due order, making no wonder that people bewitched are so easily cured."

In order to be a "medium" for the outward manifestation of the influences of spirits, it is necessary that the person be of a sensitive temperament, and passive character. The misfortune is, that, while this may enable the "departed" to operate the more easily, it also renders the seolian-like mind of the subject susceptible to every passing influence, good or evil. Often, indeed, when sound principles of moral action are not established in their minds, lacking this support, they fall easy victims to the plausible sophistries of such doctrines as "free-love," "affinities," "whatever is, is right," etc., and from victims they easily graduate as victimizers. Such minds are easily carried away by such manias as witchcraft, religious revivals, spiritual phantasies, etc. Sometimes they are prophets, and visions of future woe in the shape of earthquakes, plagues, shipwrecks, etc., alarm themselves and those who credit them. San Francisco has more than her share of just such hypochondriac manias at present, which all sound-minded Spiritualists would be glad to see converted to a better use. It is upon this sort that charms operate with such wonderful effect; they are subject to every influence but that of a well balanced brain of their own, the lack of which makes them the sport of every passing breeze. J. W. MACKIE.

SUNDAY MORNING.

'Twas April month, the very sound of which carries to the mind the feeling of repose, and Sunday, too. The sun had risen; the mists had left the earth; all Nature seemed to leap and meet the golden morn. The little birds from every tree sent up their loud hosannas; the insects hum filled the air; all Nature leaped for joy. The breezes, filled with Nature's incense, fanned the fevered brow, and wrapped the contemplative mind in repose. God's voice was heard in bird, and flower, and air.

'Twas one of those delightful morns when Nature's song is music to the soul. Sitting in my easy-chair, driving away the thoughts of busy life, and thinking of the spheres, sufficiently composed to ask, And do the spirits think of us? and have they homes more fair? my soul did with the angels hold communion, almost oblivious of the surrounding world; when, lo! a sound breaks in upon my mind, more hideous than the yell of fiends, dispels the charm, and brings me back to life.

'Twas Sunday! and that discordant and inharmonious sound is the bell. O, how the sensitive soul falls back upon itself, and shrinks from such a call! But 'tis the voice of God, we are told. Fit emblem of the Christians' God, and relic of the barbarous past, confusion more confused! thou hast no charm to fill the soul with thoughts of love and God. The very sound is obnoxious to the ear, and fills the air with horrible confusion. The gentle music of the birds is lost within the hideous sound, or has fled to more congenial climes. The music of the spheres is hushed, and cannot with it chime.

Great God! and can no better sign of Thy blest reign our souls incline to worship Thee aright? This cannot be by Thee desired, since all Thy works and acts conspire against this dire delusion. Eternal harmony doth reign throughout all Nature's vast domain. In God there's no confusion. FAIR PLAY.

Letter from Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11th, 1868.

DEAR BANNER.—At last the bright spring mornings are with us, after a prolonged winter of cold, snow, and rains, unprecedented in the memory of that relic of the past, the oldest inhabitant. But the seasons come and go; the cycles of time produce their effects, leaving their impress on the past, and handing down to us a portion of its history. If we do not, however, read between the lines much that is unwritten, we have but a faint idea of the importance of the past, or of the now as it rolls by.

My room is immediately opposite the old Arch street Quaker meeting-house, in which I was wont to listen in the past to the influence of the moving spirit amongst the men and women in the upper seats of glory; and just alongside of this meeting-house stand trees, one of which is full-leaved, beautifully green, from the resurrection of the body of my sainted mother, which has fed the roots at its base for fifty years. The freshness of these leaves tells me of her harmony, beauty, and love. Her ever-present spirit has made many green spots for me in the cases of life's journey, and now speaks in promise of beauty of that refreshing greenness that is to bless the world, as men and women become thinkers for themselves.

Among many here, I find no thought or inquiry; they are astonished at the idea that the

rainbow could have existed before the deluge covenant, and wonder that they have never thought of it before. Good minds are surprised that they have not thought that parents were under immense obligations to their little ones, instead of the children owing so much as was supposed to their parents. The very atmosphere here is sectarian. Scarcely a house in miles of streets bespeaks anything but the plain monotony induced by the influence of Penn., the founder of the city; and one is forced to look up sometimes, to see if the heavens are not drab also.

But to our friends. The great feature of Spiritualism here is the Children's Lyceum, under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dyott. Like Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, in the earlier labors of our own Lyceum, they are the leaders, and are sustained by a noble band of workers among the teachers, who second their efforts. Their numbers reach hundreds of smiling faces; and a spirit of quiet and interest prevails, that is charming to be in the presence of. They are about to take Concert Hall, near the center of the city; that will give them power over a broader field than they now possess.

Thomas Gales Forster spoke here last Sunday. For depth of thought, and philosophical and metaphysical reasoning and deduction, I never heard his equal. He would suit California minds; but pecuniary embarrassment keeps him at his post in one of the departments at Washington, except when he can slip away by permission for a half day, to make a night's travel to lecture the next Sunday evening.

Mrs. Wilhelm spoke yesterday, and is a fine speaker. She told the grand truths of our philosophy with clearness, and in a style of beautiful simplicity, that made her glow with spiritual radiance, whilst the spirits responded near where I sat, by raps of sanction of what she uttered.

I find some very excellent mediums here, and they are busy, too; and their labors give consolation to the afflicted and heart-broken. They open the blind eyes of prejudice, and instruct in the grand philosophy of Spiritualism.

I am at a loss to express to you the quiet satisfaction of meeting such minds. Those who feel that nothing is being done—that our blessings and glories are departing—are like those that shut their own eyes, and deafen their own ears, supposing that all others are blind and deaf like themselves. New mediums are being developed, and amongst them are many children; and some marked if not new phases are being exhibited continually. If our friends do not rally around and sustain their own cause, the great lessons of truth that we are teaching will be half lost, by being mixed up with the errors of the old records of the past, and become as a faint rushlight, instead of shining like a star of the first magnitude.

I have been down to Washington twice; and, as politeness was attended to by the politicians, I devoted my time to my business with the Post Office, where I found willing as well as cautious examiners, ready to aid and benefit the invention. If there is any fault here, it is on the side of the new applicant.

I met that noble soul, Walt Whitman. He has written another edition of "Leaves of Grass," "Drum Taps," and the "Sequel to Drum Taps," all in one volume. In answer to the question, why he had expressed himself on sexual life as he had, he said, "There are two modes of treating this question; the one in the worldly sense, the other in the religious and the Divine. I treated it in the latter sense."

I have had interviews with several noble men in our ranks, who are in positions of trust and emolument here; and, since the Twentieth Anniversary, our cause has been more strongly felt.

I would have been glad to have met with you in your State Convention; and I hope to be present at Rochester, at the national gathering this year. I have sent some music for our meetings, and also for the Lyceum. You, with the angels, speed on the work, and the sad heart shall rejoice, and the joyous heart be made more glad. J. H. ATKINSON.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—Prof. Agassiz gave his opinion before the Boston Natural History Society concerning the antiquity of man. He dates his origin from the waning of the ice period. The Professor says that man existed before some of the huge mammals had disappeared, and that many, which were considered the dividing line between the geological and historical periods, were contemporaneous with him. The Bosprimigenus, it is stated, lived in the forests of Lithuania and Poland down to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the presence of Cereus Megacercus in the marshes of Europe as late as the fourteenth century is authenticated. Fifty years ago there was but one admitted source of man, that laid down in the Sep-tuagint; and the first advancement of the geologic theory of the creation was as repugnant to the feelings of the theological world as Spiritualism is at the present day. The geologists have done a great work, redeeming the world from error, and the ethnologists have as great an one before them in freeing the origin of man from the obscurity which has so long enshrouded it. The work of such societies as the Natural History Society is of incalculable benefit.

The Government is economizing. The male clerks have had their salaries raised, it is said, 10 and 15 per cent. The half-paid women, some of them doing the same and even more work, are to remain as before, only that on or before the 1st of April, about 40 of them are to be discharged from the Treasury bureau alone. Women have no votes to cast, nor can political harpies levy taxes on them so well to carry on their electioneering projects.—The Revolution.

Woman's Pay.

Woman is the moiety or half of ourselves, and in proportion as we elevate ourselves, so do we elevate her, and in proportion as we degrade her, so do we degrade ourselves. We are indissolubly connected, and our lots are thrown into the same scale. Instead of woman owing everything to the Bible, she owes it but very little; for the spirit of liberty and free inquiry that has done so much for man, has done everything for her. Woman, however, is still living far short of her natural rights. To discuss the subject any further in this direction, would be foreign to the subject; but as I have in mind an anecdote *appropos* to the occasion, I trust the reader will pardon me for luging it in. It is given by an author who has gained some celebrity for his progressive teachings. An old farmer of his acquaintance, one day during harvest-time, was telling about the great amount of work he was having done. Says he, "I have several good hands at work, but the one which does the most work in the harvest-field is a big Dutch girl." "How much are you paying your hired men?" asked the author. "Two dollars a day." "How much are you paying your Dutch girl?" "Hem! well, it is a very pleasant day." "Yes; but how much are you paying your Dutch girl?" "We are needing rain very badly." "That is not the question; how much are you paying that girl—the one who does the most work?" "Well, the truth is, I am paying her by the day—cents a day!"—The Pantheist, by G. Orendorff, M. D.

"When I am Pope."

Mr. Bonner, when I am Pope, I shall propose some new article of faith:

1. Every man shall be married at the age of 25, or show good cause for neglect of duty.
 2. Every man shall annually tax himself one-tenth of his income, until the sum reaches the amount of \$100, to procure books, journals, and newspapers.
 3. Wedding gifts shall never consist of luxuries—jewels, plate, etc.—but of books, and, with the birth of every child, ten volumes shall be put into the hands of its mother.
 4. It shall be the duty of every young married man to read aloud to his wife, at least one hour a day, for the first ten years after his marriage. But this shall not be construed to the prejudice of the wife's right to read, speak, lecture, etc.
- What the man who lies by their books in a self-indulgent and hidden manner, absorbing knowledge without benefit to their fellows, shall be treated as bees are that hide their nests—smoked out, and their nests broken up!
- I will not tell you what other laws I shall promulgate, for fear I shall lose votes, and fail of becoming Pope.—Henry Ward Beecher, in the New York Ledger.

SOME of our brothers and sisters condemn physical manifestations as the a b c of Spiritualism, which they have outgrown and do not need! To such, we would say: Do you know the law which attracts and repels atoms of matter; that builds up and disintegrates? do you know the secret laws of life, of animate and inanimate matter? do you know the law that holds soul and body together? do you understand the law by which a spirit with its spirit body passes through marble walls without the least difficulty? do you know the law by which a single blade of grass is upheld from the ground? do you know the law of the effect of conditions. You know that it will not germinate upon a cake of ice, nor the bare rock. You know that conditions for germination must be favorable, that is all! Study, reflection, and thought, during years of ages, will not unfold our faculties to infinite wisdom, but it will be a continuous blessing to the soul. The delights of getting knowledge will forever excel all other pleasure.

The ignoramus scolds the thought of all spiritual power, and yet every pulsation of his heart is the manifestation of spirit power. Let us see to it, that we do not follow in his footsteps, and by our supercilious pretenses of possessing superior knowledge, show that we have hardly reached the a b c of Spiritualism.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Before the time of Puritanism, they were allowed and encouraged. Sports and recreations of Sunday were expressly permitted and sanctioned in the English Church by Queen Elizabeth, and also by James I. They were regulated by Charles I, and prohibited by that profligate hypocrite and debauchee, Charles II—under whose sanction the bigots and Pharisees of our time seem to act. Their purpose, we suspect, is not so much a religious one, as to subject the consciences of the people to the power of the clergy, and to cajole the civil power into a co-operation with them. What they cannot effect by law, they are attempting to effect by threats and combinations; and they have made their attack on Sunday horse-cars, libraries, steamboats, and papers—some of the greatest Sunday blessings we possess. We most ardently hope that all such attempts will be defeated, as they have been in the city of Philadelphia, where the Sunday street-cars, which have for some time been stopped, are now running.—Investigator.

TRIMMING THEIR SAILS.—The press generally is preparing to take advantage of the rapidly gaining popularity of Spiritualism. The New York Herald says we had a respectable audience at the Everett Rooms on the evening of March 31st. Quite a contrast with its former descriptions of nearly the same persons. The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald publishes the excellent speech of our Bro. D. A. Eddy, delivered on the Twentieth Anniversary of the Rochester Rap-pings, etc. The Brooklyn Daily Times gives a whole column to a sermon by C. A. Read, whose physical manifestations are very remarkable, and the wonder of the occasion. We have already observed several favorable notices of the various meetings of the 31st ult., by which many persons are awakened to the fact that Spiritualism, so many times killed and reported dead, is even now more alive than all the churches that have combined to kill it.—Banner of Light.

REASON AND NATURE vs. ORTHODOXY.—The orthodox Christian would crucify every native feeling of humanity, and force it into sackcloth and ashes, because of that ugly God. It is a sin to laugh, a sin to be merry and glad, as the little birds are; it is a sin to dance, a sin to skate—and it used to be a sin in Ohio to go "a-courting on Sunday." But as Puritanism fights its way up, these objections to our being true to our own nature gradually tone down and vanish. Reason will banish all such one-sided religion in good time. As to the objection that the Christians set up a young woman as the emblem of liberty and reason, I have only to say, that the man who wouldn't worship a beautiful woman in preference to that horrible orthodox God, is an unwelcome guest, to whom the Church is heartily welcome!—Edw's Reply to Rev. A. B. Maxwell.

